

Spring 1996

New Tricks (1996)

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New Tricks

*The Literary Magazine
of Dakota State University*



*Who says you can't
teach an old dog new
tricks?*

Sponsored by: Sigma Tau Delta

Spring 1996

New Tricks

The Literary Magazine
of
Dakota State University

Published by:

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Editors

Brenda Eitemiller and Ann Weber

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Table Of Contents

Escape Loretta Jayne	1
Chocolate Jason Dauwen	2
I Held the Stars Heidi Bjerke	4
Patrick Ann Weber	5
A Common Man's Life Andy Johnson	6
Out of the Girls' Room brenda eitemiller	7
Great Oak Tree Alie Wieringa	8
September 29th Dan Chisum	9
Untitled Lorynda J. Eekhoff	10
Untitled Rick Janssen	11

Untitled Henry Ma	12
The Third Eye Henry Ma	13
Surviving A Winter In South Dakota Naoko Aihara	14
I Miss the Daragons Heidi Bjerke	16
Untitled Kris Reiners	17
Closertowhat? Kara L. Vickerman	18
Wolf Heidi Bjerke	19
Dust-Dry Sunrise Timothy Rolfe	20
How to Plagiarize in the Electronic Age Tim McGee	21
Once Love Paul Boggs II	28
Untitled Alie Wieringa	29

Doing Sunshine With James Thurber Ann Weber	30
Untitled brenda eitemiller	31
Portrait of a Lady Jason Dauwen	32
No Way Out Alie Wieringa	33
Crossword Paul Boggs II	34
Daffodils brenda eitemiller	38
Fog Ann Weber	40
Untitled Rick Janssen	40
Title to come at end of poem Jason Dauwen	41

Foreword

Welcome to the latest issue of *New Tricks*, a literary magazine published by the DSU chapter of Sigma Tau Delta, an international honor society for English students. Literary magazines, showcasing talents of DSU students and faculty, have been published intermittently by DSU organizations. In 1995 Sigma Tau Delta chose the magazine as its major project, along with several activities emphasizing literary appreciation. This project has been made possible through the efforts of several already very busy people. We would like to thank all the students and faculty who submitted their works. We extend special thanks to James Swanson and to John Laflin for their help and guidance with this project.

Escape

Loretta Jayne

To get in a car and drive down the interstates and
back roads,
through the small towns, clusters of houses and
sprawling huge cities,
past the lakes and fields,
over rivers and train tracks,
by cemeteries and churches,
and the farmers working in the fields,
past the trees, telephone poles and town clocks,
the scenery just whipping past the windows-to go,
leave it all, just bolt,
to go far off into the horizon to the place where the
sun sets
would not do any good,
because I would still feel the same way inside.

Chocolate

Jason Dauwen

Gibberish from giddy children
And conversation from bickering birds
Alerts me to a kite's first Autumn Flight
As it tests its novice wings.
Jerking, falling, catching its breath,
It struggles to surf the wind.

The waves pound out a white, fluffy melody
Upon the snares of this desperate, lonely beach.
Their songs go on and on, rhythmically pacing
beat from beat
Ruining the savory-sweet taste of hickory-smoked
salmon
That hides in the salty Autumn air.

I'm hungry for chocolate candy.

The kite has learned to borrow a bit of the breeze,
And gracefully, it waltzes with the passing clouds,
Who have no intention of staying for a second dance
And are hurried along on their unguided quest
For shelter from a promising rain.

The sky has borrowed the color of your eyes
As well as I remember their sapphire speckled
gray-blue hue
And the songs of this humdrum beach remind me
too much of me and you.

The kite has taken to teasing the children at the end
of its restrictive string,
And I have taken to naming the passersby, one by
one,
categorizing each by shape and size as they flee
from the beat of the rising tide.

But soon enough the musicians will retire their tired
drums
And the passersby will pass by

And the kite will beg for freedom to fly
Away from the children who must go inside-and wait
out the pouring rain
And once again the kite-dance will end
And I—

I will still want chocolate.

I Held the Stars

Heidi Bjerke

I held the stars
last night.
Their spinning brilliance
invaded my heart.
A long forgotten smile
brushed my lips.

I held the stars
last night.
Their burning intensity
sought out my soul.
Laughing, I let them go
once again free.

Patrick

Ann Weber

Patrick is
Excitement barely contained
Wiggles and squirms
Hops and jumps

Patrick is
A bouncing ball
A speeding bike
A splashing puddle

Patrick is
A book that needs reading
Puzzles to put together
Pictures to draw

Patrick is
Hugs and kisses
A nodding head
Angel-like sleep

A Common Man's Life

Andy Johnson

I am immense as the sky,
in the common mite's eye.

large as a house,
to a common white mouse.

equal in size,
through a common man's eyes.

small as a snail,
to a common blue whale.

insignificant as Earth,
to this vast Universe,

which may be the mite,
on the rat's ass, which is my life.

Out of the Girls' Room

brenda eitemiller

In the Girls' Room
I sit quietly with my hands folded
upon my lap
and my tights and white panties pulled neatly
to my thighs
while they talk about her lust for Dean
and how drunk he was on Saturday
how he touched her breast at the bar

I unroll the tissue
seven squares exact-tearing the sheets in silence
I prepare to blow my nose
The girl with the blue sneakers seated next to me
says
"Men are dogs"
to the boots along the wall
with such authority that I almost believe her
Until I remember my Brad

I only begin to pee when she flushes
the sound disturbs me
I put my self together and proceed
Out of the Girls' Room

Great Oak Tree

Alie Wieringa

towering
over
the pine tree

which
in winter
overshadowed

the bare branches
that now
thrust their leaves

toward the sun.

a gray squirrel
dancing

in and out
of its new home.

September 29th

Dan Chisum

"A day which will live in infamy:
Someone said this, about a different day,
but it is not true for me.
September 29th
that's my day of infamy.
It's a day I still see in my dreams,
or sometimes in my nightmares.
I went to hell and back in a split second,
or did I just get stuck in hell.
The day was supposed to be the greatest of my life.
I saw my child be born,
right before my eyes.
Which truly is an amazing experience.
I was ready to give him everything
my heart
my soul
my world
What did he give me?
His cold hands,
His cold toes,
And his never opening eyes,
Because he was Dead!
Yes Dead!
If you see tears on me,
they are never tears of joy,
because of my "day of infamy"
September 29th.

Untitled

Lorynda J. Eekhoff

i examine each one thoughtfully
concentrating first on the index
proceeding to the pinkie.

a plan of attack for each is contemplated
after careful inspection
i gnaw only the corners and
bite only when necessary

the crunching and popping
under the pressure of my teeth
draws attention from others
but i do not return it

Then I see It.

a small hair-like projection
stands straight
as if to grab my attention

i linger
undecided about how to rid myself
of the ugliness
quickest is always best

placing the flap between two fingers
i grimace from stinging pain
and yank quickly
then wait for traces of blood

none comes
and with a nip at the opposite side
i move on to the next.

Untitled

Rick Janssen

restricted lives
violently react

scream
scrEAM
SCREAM

judgmental mentality explodes
velvet underground
last concern

neo-neon
kaleidoscope

Untitled

Henry Ma

There are many things that I'd like
to tell you

But each time I look at you, I
freeze up

I wish you knew the pain, suffering
and agony that I go through

You could tell me to jump and I'd
jump like a pup

Sometimes when I'm alone, I think
of you and begin to cry

I realize that I love you so much
that I wish I could die

If only you could see me
now

You would realize how much you
mean to me

The Third Eye

Henry Ma

I close my eyes.
purple, yellow and red.
Clouds of colored smoke
run through my mind.
My soul, alive.
I can feel. I'm looking
through my body.
My mind is screaming,
eyes wide.
Where are all the faces
coming from?

Surviving A Winter In South Dakota

By Naoko Aihara

Storing fat and getting a coat that doesn't fail to keep temperature in a body are the best ways to stand the cold of a South Dakota winter. If you are from South Dakota, you know how cold it is here. You don't need to prepare for winter, especially since you must be familiar with the cold. Unless you are from South Dakota or even a colder area like North Dakota, you need to know how you can survive a winter in South Dakota. First, eat a lot and get fat gradually after the summer. Look for delicious food like sweet chocolate, cherry pie smelling like it has just been baked, or something that you usually avoid eating so that you can stay on a diet. You don't need to worry about your toned shape since nobody can see your shape as long as you dress warmly. Don't stop eating until you store enough fat for surviving here. The standard is difficult to say, but I recommend you get as fat as you possible can. If you are going to stay on a diet for the winter even though you don't have enough fat, I can see you will freeze in South Dakota.

Next, get a great coat for the winter in South Dakota. It should be one that enables you to keep warm by not letting wind in. If you get a coat before storing fat, don't forget to estimate how much fat you are going to get.

After these steps, you are ready for the winter, but it's not enough for staying here during the winter. You need to know how you can stand the winter under incredible circumstances. The cold is unimaginable for you, so don't wear extra clothing until you cannot stand the cold. Then, you will be used to living during a crazy winter. Even when the sun is shining, be careful about the weather. You may hear the sound of the wind like leaves are making. You have to consider the wind. Bring your coat every time you go outside. When it starts to snow, you should be more careful. Don't wear a white coat, so that you can be found if you have a fatal accident. If you don't mind your shape, just cover some of the parts like your frozen face, hands, ears and so on that are not covered yet, but are trembling. Covering your whole body will be good for somebody who doesn't like his/her ugly appearance. When you can keep these things in your mind, I'm sure that you can be one of the real South Dakotans and survive a crazy winter here.

I Miss the Dragons

Heidi Bjerke

The dragons
are no more.

The armor
is rust.

The shields
are warped.

The swords
are dull.

The jousting field
is only grass.

The war-horses
are weak.

The knights
are cowards.

The princesses
are ugly.

The dragons
are no more.

Untitled

Alie Wieringa

You said "Farewell"
to me today
I didn't even ask you why
Just watched you leave
and stared at the door
for hours and hours in a row

"We were never meant to be,
not from the start"

I heard

"Next time stick to your own kind"
Oh, your eyes, cold as stone.

So now I sit here all alone
with you still in my mind
This whole thing is so absurd:
Because of my color I have a broken heart
But is my color what makes me me?

Since you thought so,
you are here no more
Now that you're gone, I can start to grieve
I cry and cry
wondering why things ended up this way

Untitled

Kris Reiners

It's night...

moonlight faded by clouds
blending it with the onyx sky

Lights

sprinkle

about the darkness

As snowflakes

f

l

o

a

t

upon

the earth separating

sky from

landscape.

Each light

representing a different

point of view,

place,

situation,

L I F E . . .

And I wonder. . .

Does my life

stand out

in the darkness?

Daffodils

brenda eitemiller

I haven't seen my father in years.

I have not wanted to,

but I still miss the daffodils.

My father lives in a large, white house

with green trim and a porch

so large

that it wraps all the way around the house.

a large willow tree stands on the left

and I would swing from its branches.

there is a small walk

with breaks in the cement

curving to the door

and in the summer

my mother would put salt in the gaps

eliminating the unwanted grass

and she planted daffodils

around that porch that went

all the way around my house

and there was a garden in back

filled with beans and lettuce and peas

and baby cabbages for the rabbits to steal

and strawberries

beautiful, ripe strawberries.

When they divorced,
 he got the house
 my mother's house
 and the garden and the walk and the willow
 and my mother's daffodils.

I haven't seen my father in years.
 I have not wanted to,
 but I still miss the daffodils.

Closertowhat?

Kara L. Vickerman

Sitting in a ice cold room
 wondering where he's been.
 Wondering if I can make it,
 make it through the pain.
 My body temperature is
 beginning to decline and
 I can feel the hardened
 crust shape upon my fingers.
 I thought I heard
 someone knocking--
 but I couldn't find the door.
 The room is getting closer.
 A voice asked, "Getting closer to what?"
 I blinked my eyes, sighed
 and replied, "Closer to the other side."
 Even though there weren't any vents,
 nor any windows, a breeze
 drifted through the small, darkened room.
 Life fog coming down to the earth
 and settling.
 The breeze began to lift me.
 It lifted me so high.
 I felt the child that
 was once inside.
 It seemed to be cradling
 me, while it sang a lullaby.

I closed my eyes and
 the voice started getting quieter.
 It was so hard to hear.
 I tried my best to listen.
 And when I opened my
 eyes, I realized this
 was only a dream.

Wolf

Heidi Bjerke

Your yellow gaze
 watches all.
 The stars are reflected
 in your eyes.
 As the moon welcomes
 your song.
 Some tremble
 at the noise.
 But I rejoice.
 Welcome Home.

Dust-Dry Sunrise

Timothy Rolfe

Praise be to God for dust-dry Physics,
 for wavelength-dependent refraction,
 for atmospheric light-scattering,
 for altitude-constrained cloud formation,
 and perspective foreshortening.

On white snow of graveyard and valley
 rise black pines and winter-stripped branches,
 black on white like Dorothy's Kansas.

Above—a Technicolor sky:
 Grey clouds stripe the horizon,
 while between pure patches of sky
 touched by sunrise light, showing
 light blue, yellow, even
 —could it be real?—a hint of green.

Earth turns towards sun:
 bright against it all,
 bent farthest in atmospheric prism,
 brilliant red and rose paint horizon clouds,
 clouds foreshortened in the distance
 to long strokes on background grey.
 Higher up, high-altitude filigrees of clouds
 peek past earth's curve to catch
 the same frequency-selected illumination.

How to Plagiarize in the Electronic Age without Getting Caught

Tim McGee

Needless to say, you shouldn't plagiarize—it's stealing and cheating, and will prevent you from learning to write. Nevertheless, every year, countless students do plagiarize essays, for a variety of irrefutable reasons:

1. They can't write the papers *and* go skiing for the weekend.
2. They can't write the papers drunk, which is how they spent the weekend.
3. They can't write the papers knowing nothing about the topic, and to correct that weakness, they'd actually have to read some stuff that was hard to understand.

So, this "How-to" guide is designed for those who are going to plagiarize anyway and is based upon the assumption that the only thing worse than being a thief and a cheat, is getting caught being a thief and a cheat. Granted, Socrates would disagree, but see where his high horse got him—unless that would require looking it up somewhere.

Three Reasons Plagiarists Usually Get Caught:

- 1) Greed—They are plagiarizing in an attempt to get a good grade.
- 2) Inconsistency—They hand in an essay radically different from other samples of their writing, which the professor has already seen.
- 3) Sloth—They plagiarize only portions of their paper and don't bother to change these portions in any way; therefore, the "borrowed" parts don't match the original portions of their paper.

Solutions:

- 1) Don't get greedy—plagiarize only to avoid an F, not to get an A.
- 2) In order to prevent the professor from immediately noticing the difference between the purloined essay (what you ripped off), and your own writing, you have two options: You must plagiarize everything you write, all semester long, even homework assignments and in-class essay questions (a real challenge) or you must edit the stolen material so that it looks like it could conceivably be your work—in other words, you have to screw it up a bit.
- 3) You must plagiarize entire essays. Somebody once said, "Half measures avail us nothing." Apparently, that person never drank a half a case of beer, but that's neither here nor there. (That "their" there is an example of what I meant by "screw it up a bit.") My point: if half your essay is well written, and the other half is your own writing, then even Stevie Wonder could see the difference, and you're busted.

The Master Plan:

You need to lift an entire essay and then make it look like your work. This is actually easier than you might think, thanks to the Internet and “search and replace.” Simply follow these eight steps, and no discipline board will ever convict you of plagiarizing your written work.

1) Copy an entire essay which is about the same length as your assignment. By copy, I mean electronically. If you thought I meant copy it out of a book and key it into a computer, you are obviously out of touch with reality. The point here is to save you time, not teach you how to type. Why must it be the same length as the assignment? If you copy something shorter, you must fill in with your own material, which won't match the real writing; if you copy something longer and just use part, the teacher will notice that your essay is not a “coherent whole.” As it turns out, you are going to make adjustments so that the finished product is *not* a coherent whole, so the teacher doesn't get suspicious (coherence is one of the telltale marks of skilled writers) but most professors could probably spot a coherent half if they saw one, so don't risk it.

2) Change the title completely—every word. Why? Real writers use clever titles which either play on key words or have some kind of statement followed by a colon, and an explanatory statement. It's unlikely you would recognize a literary pun or that you would know how to use a colon (other than your own), so you have to change all the words.

3) Rearrange the paragraphs. Sure, this is going to take some time, but once again, good arrangement sticks out like an opposable thumb. Professors notice right away when the introductory paragraph really introduces your topic. They can also spot a concluding paragraph, if it actually wraps things up. So get those suckers out of the beginning and the end, and don't just switch the end with the beginning. Oddly enough, they often mirror each other in such a way that just switching them might still preserve some coherence. Hide those two paragraphs in the middle. Take all the other ones and make sure that none that were originally together stay that way because, if they do, the paragraphs will exhibit good transitions—getting from one paragraph to the other is easy and makes sense—another dead giveaway that this was written by a real author.

4) Un-spellcheck the document. This too is time consuming, but is an absolute must. For “your” essay to look authentic, it must include several words that are properly spelled but still wrong for the job. Using the “find and replace” feature in the Edit menu, replace the usual suspects with the wrong homonyms, swapping out all of the following: to, too, two; there, their, they're; than, then; where, were; our, hour; hole, whole. To do a thorough job, you'll need one of those writers' handbooks which has a list of the words that people commonly mistake for their homonyms—not to be confused with Houyhnhnm, which is a horse of a different choler.

While you're at it, remove the "d" at the end of any word when it follows an "s" sound, e.g., supposed, used, biased, prejudiced. Take all the "d"s off the ends, so you get sentences like: "It use to be that you weren't suppose to be bias or prejudice against others."

5) Apostrophe's. Erratic use of the apostrophe is a regular feature of unskilled writers, but it is unlikely that your stolen essay has any apostrophes misplaced. Therefore, you must again use the Edit menu, find every apostrophe and either move it or remove it. "One teacher's students' books were found in two students' lockers," would look much more like the work of an amateur if you changed it to "One teachers' student's books were found in too student's locker's."

6) Comma splice it. This is the easiest trick of all. A mature essay of any length will undoubtedly have a few semicolons in it somewhere; it is unlikely that you would have known the proper use of the semicolon. Therefore, using the Edit menu, find all semicolons and replace them with commas. With the stroke of a few keys, you probably now have ten or more comma splices in any paper of five or more pages. Speed and accuracy—what computers are all about.

7) Citations—your ticket to write. Chances are your author quoted some people and then put some weird names and numbers in parentheses nearby.

There is a science to that stuff, and getting it right, when the rest of your paper is so flawed, will undoubtedly draw suspicion. Therefore, what you must do is find every place the original author quoted someone and then you must change the way the original quote started. If the author wrote "Mortimer Zuckerman, editor in chief of *U.S. News and World Report*, claims that..." change that to "Mortimer said in a magazine..." Also, in all citations, switch the location of the quotation marks and the final period, and then make certain that the words in parentheses are not the same as the first word in any of that stuff on the Works Cited or References page. If the words in parentheses actually point to the first word in any of the bibliography entries, you're dead meat—the professor will know immediately that this is not the work of an incompetent.

8) Memorize it. Okay, now you're done, except for one last step, the most time-consuming of all. You have to memorize "your" essay. "What?" say you. "This is nuts—I already spent hours producing something which will only get me a D." True, but, if you don't memorize your essay, there's still a good chance that you will get caught. Why? Because even though you've trashed the surface of the text, obliterated the global coherence, and greatly compromised the clarity, the essay may still contain some good ideas expressed in coherent paragraphs. So, now the professor suspects that these good ideas in coherent paragraphs may not be your own, and just as you have had the benefits of all this electronic

technology, so have your professors. They now have computer programs which can compare your essay to another sample of your writing and determine whether or not the same author wrote both pieces. Then, if it looks like you didn't write it, they can simply take a copy of the essay, white out every fourth word, and ask you to fill in the blanks. If you can't get better than 80% right, you didn't write it. If you don't memorize your essay, you won't even guess half of the blanks correctly. Therefore, this last step is essential. So, give yourself three or four hours of keyboard work to mess it up good in the first place, and then another what, maybe four hours, minimum, to memorize a 1500 word essay. There you have it— a mere eight hours and you can be assured of at least a D, if not a D+, and nobody will ever be the wiser. And I mean nobody.

Once Love

Paul Boggs II

Once love
meant security: a cave in a mountain,
a place to hide from the thunder;
when needs were met, and your insides were warm,
like a cup of hot cider
on a frigid night.

Once love
meant new; exploring your feelings,
like Cortez and the new world,
you boldly went where never before;
and discovered ecstasy like a chocolate sundae,
when you taste it for the first time.

Once love
meant pain: shrapnel of a bomb,
that lodges itself into your side, and
rips deep into the flesh;
the blood that flows,
from a wicked wound,
that can never be replaced.

Then love
meant Love: the missing piece
of a puzzle started long ago,
that you thought could never be finished;
like an old guitar,
with new strings, that
now can make beautiful music again.

DOING SUNSHINE WITH JAMES THURBER

Ann Weber

A cold wet wind blows us to the door
The invisible doorman ushers us in

Carts stand at attention
Waiting to serve us

The donuts and cupcakes beckon us aside
We march forward to our duty

Are the tomatoes hiding a small black worm
What has just crawled into the bananas

Endive cheek and jowl with the okra
Yellow onions nested beside the red potatoes

Notice the woman in the raincoat
No one must interfere with our mission

Kings, Tigers, Silly Rabbits, Toucans
Look out from their cereal aisle cages

Baby gerkins wink at us from beside the olives
Pickled peppers give us a daring stare

Snot nosed kids pulling on their mother's skirts
Crying babies in carts—something sinister

Does the lobster tank hide our enemy
Ugly and truculent but no real threat

The rows of glass doors enclose ice cream, TV
dinners and cool whip
Hmm—all clear behind the Hagan Daas

The cashiers observe us with suspicious glances
We leave knowing Sunshine is safe for all—no aliens

Untitled

brenda eitemiller

this growth inside
my bellied wail
I can not stretch my mind
four months,
for months of pain and angst
are torn from me
deposited into a cold, gray pan
after being deflated
and pulled through my belly button.
this-
this procedure is science,
medicine that
gloved doctors perfected
this is my tummy
painted in Band-Aids and iodine.

Portrait of a Lady

Jason Dauwen

The shadow you cast upon me
warmed my soul.
Your coy smile
was my only escape from a long day.
Your soft lips
were rose petals upon my cheek
and sweet in my mouth.
Your tender touch
was satin to my naked flesh.
Your inviting whisper
was music to my deaf ears.
We were rhythm, unison,
life.

Now—
your shadow
is cold on my face—black on my heart.
Your coy smile
finds my fear
and parades it in the street.
Your sparkling delicate eyes
blame me for your mistakes.
Your soft rose petal lips
are harsh and dry
and taste of vomit.
Your tender touch
is greasy grizzle dripping
into each of my pores
saturating them with guilt.

Your inviting whisper
is a razor that sets my ear deaf forever

You were once a beautiful, passionate, fair-skinned
lady,
Now you are a warted, slimy, hating, grotesque toad
Though a toad should not think so—
For even a toad would call you a monster.

No Way Out.

Alie Wieringa

My mother used to say
"Life is like a box."

The many men in my life
Came and stole the chocolates

So I sit here
Between these walls
of nothingness
Trying to find a way out

I try to crawl up the walls
to escape
but always tumble down again

There is
no
way
out.

Crossword

Paul Boggs II

Jeff Trainor loved crossword puzzles. He was known by his friends as "The Crossword Master". Every day he would do the puzzle in the paper, usually in less than five minutes. He was good.

This day was like every other. He stopped at the newsstand in front of his apartment complex after work and picked up the evening edition. Ron was there as usual, peddling his papers and magazines to the public. Ron saw him coming.

"Hey Jeff! six letter word for paradise, fourth letter 'v'," he queried. This was Ron's daily test of Jeff's skill. Jeff secretly thought that Ron was jealous of his quick brain, and tried at every opportunity to stump him. Ron would never let Jeff know how right he was.

"Easy, Ron. Heaven" he replied.

Ron's face hardened.

"Smarty-pants. You won't get it next time." Ron tried to sound only pretend mad, but failed. Jeff would always have the correct answer. Jeff laid down his quarter.

"Just a minute. Got something here that might interest you. Came across this the other day in a catalogue and ordered it just for you." Ron produced a magazine, still in plastic wrap, titled, "The ultimate crossword puzzle." Jeff's curiosity was piqued.

"Where 'd you find this?" he mused.

"New catalogue for magazines. Just ordered it yesterday. Wonder how they got it here so fast...." he replied, somewhat confused.

"I'll take it." Jeff quickly said. He couldn't resist.

"You'll tell me if they stump you, right?" Ron pleaded.

"Ron, you'll be the first to know." Ron looked relieved.

Jeff raced into the apartment building. He opened the elevator door and almost ran smack into the plywood, forgetting again that the elevator was under construction. A few days earlier, Old Mrs. Crawford got stuck and nearly had a heart attack waiting to be rescued from the small cubicle. After an inspection from the building code people, the landlord decided it was in his best financial interest to upgrade the elevator to code rather than lose his tenants to other buildings with working elevators. Jeff trudged up the four flights of stairs.

Upon reaching the fourth floor, he stopped at his room. The elevator was just opposite his door. They obviously had been working on this section today, because the plywood was off to one side, and only a thin yellow warning strip blocked the passage. Jeff peered over, looking down the shaft. Small metal bars protruding in and out of the shaft and rebar poked up from the bottom, four flights below. Jeff quickly stuck his head back in after a mild case of vertigo started to overtake him. He quickly entered his apartment.

Tossing the paper off to one side, he tore off the plastic wrap of the magazine and quickly opened to the first puzzle. He sat down in his favorite easy chair and read the title, "Your Life." That was a

strange title. Even stranger was the first clue. "Jeff Trainor's birthdate." He filled in his birthday, May 5, 1970, and it fit!

"Oh, boy, Ron, you really got me on this one." he said out loud. The second clue was "Jeff Trainor's middle name." Again, Timothy fit. He continued on until with various items from his life: his first lover, his day of high-school graduation, his address, his telephone number, and on. Finally, one answer was left, although with all the other answers filled, it was already in place on the crossword. It was today's date! Jeff looked closely at the clue. "Date of Jeff Trainor's Death."

Jeff was shocked. How? what? where? when? all went through his mind. Then it hit him. Ron. The dirty bastard had played a sick joke. Jeff's anger rose inside him to a low boil. He would give that son-of-a-bitch a piece of his mind. He jumped up, opened his apartment door and ran out.

Too late, he realized as he began to fall, that he forgot again about the elevator. His body twisted in slow motion as his skull was crushed by a small metal bar on the way down. He was already dead by the time the upright rebar pierced his limp torso.

* * * * *

A flood of memories came to Janet Trainor as she entered her brother's apartment. Such a senseless tragedy. Even the man at the newsstand seem to share her loss. Jeff's apartment looked as if he were still there, as if he would come out of the kitchen any minute with a Doctor Pepper in one hand and a crossword in another. She looked at the easy chair

which Jeff claimed as his favorite, and fought the tears back again. Her eye caught a magazine sitting there, a crossword magazine, nonetheless, opened to the first puzzle. Jeff must have been about to start it before he died. She picked up the magazine.

"Your life" was the title of the crossword. How strange! she read the first clue. "Janet Trainor's birthdate". Unable to resist, she filled it in. It fit! Almost hypnotically, she sat down to work on the puzzle.

Fog

Ann Weber

The world is wrapped in a fluffy quilt
Sound just barely creeps through
The air is soft and white
All the sharp edges are blurred

Walking in the woolly haze
I am all alone in the world
The smell is clean and cool
The fog brushes a kiss on my cheek

Untitled

Rick Janssen

(k)no(w)
one

Title to come at end of poem or end of dream: whichever comes first ...or last

Jason Dauwen

I dreamt last night of you,
Yes you, reading this poem
With delightful wonderment
Of how I could have dreamt of it
Before I had written even the first line
And how I knew of the dream
When writing the poem in the dream of the
Poem about the dream that I was writing about in
The poem of the dream about you reading it.

So, read about my dream
Of you reading this poem that
You are reading about reading that
I dreamt about you reading
Before you even knew
I was going to write it for you, but
I don't think you'll understand it this time either.

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